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W. E. Morton, J. O. Herity,
Business Manager, Editor-in-Chief.

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 10, 1916.

JUNGLE METHODS.

It is only natural in view of the latest wanton, murderous German air attack on Paris and rural England, that there should be a really serious demand for reprisals in kind. All those who know the German make-up are firmly of the opinion that it is vain to appeal to aught in them but their fears. The average Prussian appears to be simply a brute, who is incapable of understanding, much less of appreciating anything but brutal treatment. Courtesy, generosity, chivalry, he regards as indications of weakness, if not of cowardice. His pride, his boast, his highest aspiration, even before the war, was to be, or be regarded, as a "big blond beast." His own accredited exponents openly said so. A "beast," he certainly is; "blond," he may be—a white swine is no more sweet smelling than a black; "big," he certainly is not; on the contrary, he is a sneaking, night-prowling, cowardly little brute, of the hyena species. A hyena can never be tamed by kindness. He has to be beaten and frightened into subjection. He knows no motives but greed and fear. Only his fears can counteract his vicious greed.

The Germans, individually, and as a nation, are like the hyena. They have proved it in times and ways far too numerous to permit of a doubt. They comprehend nothing but physical force; they really admire nothing else. So long as they can escape without condign punishment for their cold-blooded murderings in Belgium, France and England, they will chuckle and rejoice over their beastly crimes. Let them once be taken firmly by the throat, a dose of their own medicine administered, and they will slink, cringing and whining, to their lairs.

The time may come, to deal with them, in the interests of themselves as well as of humanity, in general. It may have to be done even at the sacrifice of our own normal morals. It is a disgusting thing to hang murderers, but we have to do it for the preservation of society. In the case of the German criminals, we cannot, unfortunately, get at the immediate murderers. But let it not be forgotten that crime was never as thoroughly suppressed in England as when the old subdivisions of the Kingdom were held collectively responsible for crimes committed within their respective bounds—they being compelled either to produce the actual criminal or suffer the consequences of his crimes.

Of course, no decent Briton can think, without a shudder, of the killing of defenceless women and children in Berlin or elsewhere in Germany. It would be unpeakably humiliating to us as a people if he could. But Britons and Frenchmen cannot calmly endure seeing their homes and their dear ones shattered by miserable German bombardments, safe in the clouds of night, while the dwellings of Germany contain gloating beasts who openly rejoice in the crimes of those who, they fondly imagine, are "gloriously fighting the battles of the Fatherland."

The recent assault upon Paris was as foul an act of assassination as was ever perpetrated by the worst thing in the worst slum of the worst oriental city on earth. There was neither pretext of utility, nor excuse of any kind for it. It was mere, ferocious-beastliness, without purpose or design. It could aid the Germans in no conceivable way. It could do nothing to further the German cause. It was vicious, brutal murder, pure and simple—sneaking midnight murder of the poor and the weak of Paris by miserable cowards perfectly secure in the darkness, a mile above the city. The latest attack on England was of an even more abominable character. Afraid of the new anti-aircraft defences of London, the German thugs stole in from the north-east, and used their "slung-shots" at random on sleeping rural hamlets and quiet countryside. Their sole design was to kill and maim and destroy, for the mere pleasure of it, and for the gratification of the vicious spite of the German people at home.

The question now is, shall the German people be permitted to enjoy in peace and security the delight of receiving exaggerated accounts of the night-slaughter of peaceful neighboring peoples, or shall they have the horrors which they are perpetrating abroad brought home to themselves by direct illustration? Far would it have been from us a year ago to advise that Britons should depart in the slightest degree from the good old rules of honorable warfare! Far is it from us now to desire the death of a single German non-combatant. But it is time

change, and it may be necessary for Britons to change with them or take the consequences. We entered the ring in this war prepared to use only padded gloves. Our opponents met us with steel knuckles. Shall we persist in retaining the gloves while they do their worst with the steel knuckles, or shall we, as decent but rational people, face them if not with weapons like their own, at least with bare knuckles? The Germans have designedly thrust the world back into the jungle. They may have to be met with the methods of the jungle. We sincerely hope, however, that we shall never be compelled to resort to such reprisals.

FACTS AND FANCY.

The necessity for extreme caution in accepting news about the war is being constantly impressed on the public. All but the dullest have now become able to detect German-inspired yarns from whatever source they may purport to come—and they seem to come quite as often through British as through American or other channels. What we have not yet learned to discount, are the stories emanating in good faith, from our own battle lines.

Our soldiers and correspondents at the front are, fortunately, very buoyant and hopeful. They see conditions steadily improving in the short portions of the front within their own immediate ken. They are naturally anxious to dissipate the fears and inspire the hopes of friends at home. So they tell us tales of "overwhelming superiority" in guns and ammunition, which we are all too ready to accept often to our own grave subsequent disappointment, and consequent depression. Reports have repeatedly come of late, from certain limited sections of the front, of the ability of the Allies to "dispense an indefinite number of shells for every one which the Germans can return." These statements may be perfectly true, locally. But they have not been confirmed officially. On the contrary, their misleading character has been clearly revealed by the latest public utterances of Mr. Lloyd George who manifestly is, and has been, in the habit of speaking by the book.

No one can accuse Mr. George of undue optimism. There is much comfort, therefore, in his recent statement though it destroys many vain illusions. He says that, by spring, the Allies will have an unquestionable superiority in guns and munitions, over their opponents. That is a very different thing from "overwhelming superiority" for months past. It indicates that we have been allowing ourselves to be deluded by purely local reports for sometime. We can scarcely have had such superiority heretofore, since, according to him, we are only going to attain it hereafter. Of course Mr. Lloyd George has recently grown very conservative in all his utterances; but they deserve the greater acceptance on that account.

One of Mr. Lloyd George's statements, however, is not only vividly enlightening, but vastly suggestive. He is reported as saying that Britain not only now has three million men under arms, perfectly equipped and well prepared in every way for the field, but that we shall have four million men in readiness by the spring. The significance of this is beyond measure important. Britain has only lost a little over half a million men all told in all fields, since the war began. France has lost well over two millions and Austro-Germany in the neighborhood of five millions. Russia's losses in men need scarcely be taken into account since she has practically unlimited sources of supply. But Germany and Austria are restricted to definite, well known bounds with reference to what their "kultured" rulers call "cannon fodder," that is to say, soldiers. They have already called every available fighting man among them, fit or unfit, to their ranks.

Yet, Russia, on the one side, has been holding them, in the East, where not pushing them back, during the past six months. France, with comparative limited British help, has been keeping them firmly in check in the West for a year and six months. If Mr. Lloyd George is correct in stating that three million British troops are now ready, and that four million will be ready in the Spring, to take the offensive in support of the firm-standing French forces and in cooperation with the ever-increasing Russian armies against the diminishing German army, it ought not to be difficult to guess what the inevitable will be—more particularly, if the Allies are certain, as Mr. Lloyd George says they will be, of a pronounced superiority in artillery at the same time.

On the whole, therefore, accepting Mr. Lloyd George as a safe instructor, as he well may be accepted in view of his record since the war began, it may reasonably be concluded that the Allies are "going strong" and doing quite "as well as could be expected." They are at last taking a really firm stand with Greece; and they are closely uniting their forces to withstand neutral interference with their naval efforts to bring the war to a speedy close.

Of course, it must not be for a moment forgotten that the Germans are displaying great activity in the German Ocean. They are ha-



The Visitor: "What crime brought you here?"
The Man in Stripes: "I burned down a fifty-dollar shed."
The Visitor: "Great Scott! We settlers burned down a million dollars worth of Ontario's forests last summer and nobody said 'Boo!'"
(Newspaper note: "Eighty-five out of every hundred forest fires in Ontario during 1915 were caused by careless settlers. Unlike British Columbia and Quebec, settlers in this province have no supervision of their clearing fires during the danger season.")

ble to do almost any thing there, at any time, it would appear. But we may rest comparatively easy until they have announced through "neutral channels" that their "super-man" science has discovered a means of detaching the Kiel Canal from its emplacements so that it can be towed out to sea in the wake of the "All-Highest" fleet, as a secure and quiet place of retirement and meditation in case of trouble for that fleet in open waters. "The Admiral of the Atlantic" has announced every other form of naval competence and "frightfulness" except this. We can but tremble while we wait for the really crowning "announcement."

Here's to Henry Ford—first against war, first in peace, and first in the garages of his countrymen!

Von Hindenburg indicates that it will be more agreeable for him to return from the war more like Cincinnatus than Caesar. He is far more likely to return after the fashion of Xerxes.

The chief fault found by most men with the moving picture show is that it does not give them time between reels to go out and see a man.

A print paper famine threatens France as well as Germany, but that is of less importance than a scarcity of fountain pens among the correspondents would be.

The latest joke on the honest Israelite is that when the Czar offered to make one of them a Field Marshal for bravery he expressed a preference to be a Marshall Field.

Mr. Joseph H. Choate, the eminent American lawyer and diplomatist, said at the annual dinner of the Pilgrim Society, of which he is President, at New York, that "the triumph of the great cause for which England is fighting is the thing we have at heart," and that he got letters from England every week "full of assurances of success." Mr. Choate spoke in the presence of a notable assemblage of men of prominence who showed their approval of his "neutrality" by cheering loudly.

Both in England and in France a disposition is shown to throw heavy blame on Italy for not having sent an expedition which could have prevented the capture of Mount Lotchen and the harassing of the Montenegrins. Quite probably, as the Westminster Gazette suggests, Italy had considerations in her mind which are not known to the critics. It was much to Italy's interest to preserve the dominion from the land of the

Gulf of Cattaro, and if she has taken no steps in that direction she may have good reasons for not doing so. It is conceivable that a few heavy guns on Mount Lovtchen might have been able to render impossible the Austrian retention of the gulf, but we have no means of knowing if they could mount such guns. Moreover, landing expeditions have not been so successful in this war that Italy can be confidently advised to scatter her forces over both sides of the Adriatic and in the Mediterranean. The Westminster Gazette throws out these ideas merely in arrest of judgments which are being delivered by people who certainly know no more about the actual situation than the average man, and suggests that if Italy did not do something which it was her obvious interest to do she may have been moved by considerations only clearly apparent to those in the actual theatre of operations.

THE IRON CRAGS.

Upon the iron crags of War I heard his terrible daughters
In battle speak while at their feet,
In gulfs of human waters,
A voice, intoning, "Where is God?" in ceaseless sorrow beat:
And to my heart, in doubt, I said,
"God?—God's above the storm!
O heart, be brave, be comforted,
And keep your hearthstone warm
For her who breathes the storm—
God's Peace, the fair of form."

I heard the Battle Angels cry above the slain's red mountains,
While from their wings the lightnings hurled
Of Death's destroying fountains,
And thunder of their revels rolled around a ruined world:
Still to my heart, in fear, I cried,
"God?—God is watching there!
My heart—O, keep the doorway wide
Here in your House of Care,
For her who wanders there,
God's Peace, with happy hair."

The darkness and the battle passed, and rushing on wild pinions
The hosts of Havoc shrieked their hate
And fled to Hell's dominions—
And lo! I heard, out in the night, a knocking at the gate:
And one who cried aloud to me:
"The night and storm are gone!
Oh, open wide the door and see
Who waits here in the dawn!
Peace, with God's splendor on
Back to the sad world drawn!"
—Madison Cawein.

Other Editors' Opinions

POLITICS GONE MAD.

The report of County Council proceedings appearing in this issue provides some very interesting reading for the electors. From our point of view it is an ample illustration of politics gone mad and is in conspicuous contrast to the spirit of equity which was introduced when the Reformers had the majority of members and which has been successfully maintained for the past 26 years. Evidently the notion of equity—give and take—does not appeal to the party now in power who apparently are more interested in creating unsatisfactory conditions than they are in introducing harmony into the proceedings. We venture to say that the representatives who made themselves conspicuous in promoting the new ideas which do not tend to affective legislation will not be upheld in their actions by their respective electors, who have elected them to legislate to the interests of the county instead of creating a battle royal for position or personal gain. Read the report of the January session, Mr. Voter, and form your own opinion.—Tweed Advocate.

THE SOUL OF GERMANY.

This world-wide war has opened the eyes of the Western peoples to many things against which before they were shut, but chiefly it has given us all a clear vision into the soul of Germany. The Germans tell us that they are opening the windows of enlightenment and throwing ajar the doors to progress. In reality they are breaking up the whole house of the human intellect in order that they may run "amok" in any direction that does not present barriers to their mad career. We have had many lurid glimpses into the soul of Germany during the past eighteen months, but the most vivid is that provided by the sermons of leading German divines, extracts from which have been translated by an English missionary in Rome and forwarded to this country. Some time ago a Scottish professor gave to the world a letter he had received from a German professor a man whom he had known as a scholar and liked as a friend, and whom he had never suspected of being anything more than a sane and well-balanced patriot with a lively sense of other nations' failings, as well as of the weaknesses of his own country. Yet this apparently reasonable professor wrote to his Scottish friend a letter in which he declared without reservation and without any suspicion that he was making a supreme ass of himself, than every race on the face of the earth was the inferior of the German, that for every quality that made a nation eminent for honour and piety, and kindness, and courage the Germans beat every other people and were destined to rule the world. The sermons of the German divines go even "one better" than the ravings of the Berlin professor. One of these amazing persons gave utterance to this sentiment:

It is this deep consciousness of our mission that permits us to congratulate ourselves, and rest content with a heart full of gratitude, when our guns beat down the children of Satan and when our marvellous submarines— instruments to execute Divine vengeance—lead to the bottom of the sea thousands of the non-elect.

The fact does not trouble this worthy man that among these "thousands of the non-elect" were large numbers who were murdered in defiance of all international law and of all the dictates of ordinary humanity, and that many women and helpless little children were among the victims. Another of these impressive people delivered himself of the following blasphemous utterance:

Divine love is seen everywhere in the world, but men have to suffer for their salvation. Human parents love their children, yet chastise them. Germany loves other nations, and when she chastises them, it is for their good! There were passages in other sermons even more impious, as, for instance, one in which the preacher said: "On Germany is laid the Divine command to bring about the destruction of those who are the personification of evil. The kingdom of righteousness will be established on the earth, and the German Empire which will have created it, will remain its protector." It is clear that men who can talk like this are suffering from a form of lunacy, and if their views are those of the majority of the German people—and there is reason to believe they are—it can only be said once more that the whole nation seems to have gone mad.

Germany has been wrong about every thing since she began this war—wrong about Serbia, wrong about Russia, wrong about Belgium, wrong about the British Empire; and she is most madly wrong about herself.—Lloyds Weekly News, (London, Eng.)

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